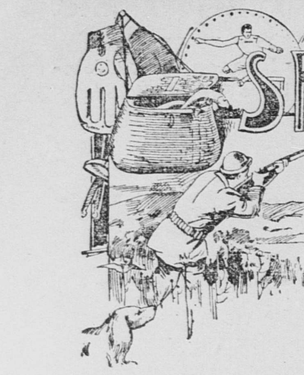

Now that the great intercollegiate athletic meeting between Stanford and Berkeley is a thing of the past there will be a lull in outdoor athletics for some weeks.

The Kennel Club, which will open a show at the Pavilion in a few weeks, is in hopes of creating a stir in doggy circles.

The introduction of several varieties of fresh-water fishes to this coast will attract the attention of anglers and pisciculturists.

The Scotch football clubs will take San Jose by storm to-day.

FOOTBALL.

Association Game to Be Played at San Jose To-Day.

The weather on Sunday last was very propitious for outdoor games, and the association players were out in strong force to indulge in their favorite pastime.

The game between the Thistles and Granites at Central Park did not take place, the latter team failing to materialize.

The Granite team has got so badly demoralized by the absence of six of the best players from the city that they may now be considered out of the race for the trophy this season.

The game between the Rangers and Rovers proved a good contest, the boys with the blue stripes winning handily by 5 goals to 1.

The Rangers are showing considerable improvement, and their great desire now is to defeat the Oaklands, which team they meet on the 30th inst., and in advance of the contest they are putting in considerable practice every night at Central Park.

The Rovers have been unfortunate during the whole season by the constant introduction of new players into their team, which destroys the effectiveness of their combination and prevents the perfection of team work, so essential to success in the association game.

The final tie for the English Association championship cup was played at the Manchester Athletic Club grounds, Tallowfield, on March 25, the finalists being the Everton and Wolverhampton Wanderers.

The game excited intense interest in England, and fully 40,000 spectators witnessed the contest, the game ending, after a bitter struggle, in favor of the Wolverhampton team by the close score of 2 goal to nil.

The Fort Mason Association team paid a visit to Angel Island to contest with the football team on the Island, and after a hard contest the Fort Masonites captured the game by 2 goals to 1.

The second Fort Mason team visited the Presidio to try conclusions with a picked eleven of the reservation, and after a very even game a draw resulted.

The various branches of the army here are taking a keen interest in the association game, and the Fort Mason team will take a leading part next season in the Association League competitions.

The Association League will transfer the scene of their activity to San Jose to-day, a holiday having been declared to permit the rank and file to visit San Jose to witness the game between the Thistles and Wanderers.

Both teams have been training hard for the event, and a fine exhibition of the association game will result.

The International Association football contest between Ireland and Scotland was decided at Glasgow on March 25, the game resulting in a win for the Scotchmen by 6 goals to 1.

ROD AND CREEL.

The Trout Parasite—Fish From the East.

The trout fishing season has been up to the present poor of results owing to the high and unsettled state of the water.

Experienced anglers are well aware that trout fishing is never good until the streams have taken on their summer's dress, so to speak, and then it is that the disciple of the "gentle art," who whips a fly, will profit by his experience and knowledge of angling craft.

There have been large numbers of "fingerlings" taken by those who use the worm, and it is safe to say that few fish are returned to their native element.

It is a shame that anglers who profess to be true sportsmen so far forget themselves as to basket little fishes which are unfit for even table use.

The Fish Commissioners have been stocking several streams and it is hoped that their labors will prove profitable. Last week 10,000 Eastern trout were placed in the Austin creeks, streams which empty into the Russian River, and an equal number of New Hampshires were put in the Big Sulphur Creek, near Cloverdale.

Ten thousand Eastern trout were also given their liberty in Bowlder Creek, Santa Cruz County, and 10,000 the same amount found their way into the North Fork of the American River, near Blue Canyon.

Next Tuesday the Commissioners will send 30,000 young trout to Los Angeles to stock the rivers and streams of the southern country.

One of the Commissioners' deputies, Mr. Babcock, will leave in a few weeks for Washington for the purpose of returning in charge of the United States Fish Commissioners' special car, which will convey a variety of Eastern fresh-water fishes to this coast. The varieties will consist of muskellange, a large species of the pike family, Loch Laven trout, brown trout, big-mouth bass, wall-eyed pike, etc.

The muscallonge and pike will be placed in Lake Merced, which is, unfortunately, the home of the carp, a fish that is not desired by angler or epicure.

The Deputy Fish Commissioners who have been collecting licenses on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers state that the run of salmon this year is much larger than of previous years and that the fishermen and canneries are doing a good business.

Eight arrests for illegal fishing were made this month and seven convictions resulted. At Collinsville the deputies took up several nets that were stretched across the river, one of which measured 2400 feet. The owners of the nets decamped when they saw the deputies approaching, as they were aware that net-fishing between sunrise on Saturday and sunset on Sunday was unlawful. Yesterday the Justice of the Peace at Benicia telegraphed the Commissioners that the owner of one of the nets put in an appearance and paid $150 for the return of the nets, which was the fine for redemption of the property.

A fish merchant who was arrested a few days ago for having striped bass in his possession, paid a fine of $10 in the Police Court last Friday. The law says that any person having striped bass under three pounds in his possession is guilty of a misdemeanor.

A few specimens of trout taken from the Wadell River with parasites attached to their gills and fins were received by Commissioner Murdock a few days ago.

It has been known that for two years the trout in the Wadell and Bowlder creeks of Santa Cruz County have suffered to a great extent by the parasitic growth, which resembles flyblows. Professor Starr Jordan, the scientist, will lecture on this particular matter at a meeting of the Commissioners, which will be held in this city in the near future.

It is a well-known fact, however, that anadromous fish are attacked by parasites in salt water. To rid themselves of this troublesome visitor they must journey to the rivers. There is also a fresh-water parasite that attacks fish when they remain too long inland, so to speak, and nature provides the fish with an instinct that tells them they must leave for the ocean or else become a prey to the attacks of the sweet-water invaders.

It is probable that the trout or young steel-heads which the Commissioners have now bottled up for inspection have been landlocked and were unable to reach the salt water. However, the matter is well worthy careful study and research.

Speaking of the bass as being a great enemy of the trout this is what Judge S. H. Green, a noted angler of Portland, Or., says, and he certainly speaks the truth: "How silly it sounds to hear some of our old trout fishermen talk about the 'cannibalistic bass.' The bass never eats its kind unless sorely pressed by hunger, and what angler does not know that nothing tastes so good to a trout as a trout. Mr. G. M. Stearns, an earnest, practical angler, informs me that he caught a trout at the falls of the Elokomon last summer that had four trout, each about three inches long, in its stomach, and he was still hungry, for Gus got him by tickling his bump of alimentiveness. All observing anglers know that no greater cannibal lives than a big trout."

The following letter from Mr. F. Coates of Santa Cruz to THE CALL in reference to young trout and the importance of prolonging the close season will be found interesting and instructive. He says:

SANTA CRUZ, April 21.

Editor Morning Call: Being a reader and subscriber to your paper for the last fourteen years and taking note of the interest you take in all matters of importance, I wish to make a statement in regard to our trout laws, hoping I can explain to you the reason we no longer have as good sport as of old, and showing the cause and also suggesting a remedy. Tailways take a great deal of interest in trout fishing and do my share every year, not for profit but for pleasure, and every year the trout is getting like the Irishman's potatoes, very small and very few in a hill.

We respect the present law in Santa Cruz as well as any other California town and on the 1st of April there is a general stampede for the trout streams. My experience has been, and I have noticed the same for years, while cleaning my trout after a days sport in the month of April, all female trout are full of spawn and during that month they are found up the smaller streams, their spawning grounds.

Sunday, the 16th, I was fishing, and in every instance the female was full of very near matured spawn. No wonder our trout streams are getting fished out. Our Commissioners can continue to stock our streams at our expense every year, and so long as the fish are taken in the month of April so long will trout be scarce. We might as well shoot quail while on their nest of eggs.

The first of May should be the opening month for trout. Then they would go back in the larger streams and be full of life and gamey; now your hook goes to the bottom with a worm and half the time you do not know when you have a strike. They do not seem to have the life or gameness th t they do later on: it is about as much sport as fishing for suckers. If you would urge on having the trout season open on the first of May, and we could have it so, there would soon be a marked difference in our supply of trout, and every true sportsman would agree with me that has taken any note of trout caught in the month of April.

Some people think that our trout are only young salmon, but this is not so. They are a distinct species, for I have caught them not five inches long filled with spawn. It is really too bad, and no wonder streams are run out and the good sport not what it used to be, but they will never be any better until the season opens with the month of May and the law is respected.

THE KENNEL.

Dogs Are Being Groomed and Conditioned for the Show.

The Pacific Kennel Club will have a grand jubilee at the Mechanics' Pavilion on May 3. It will be the opening of the bench show and a grand chorus of over 300 canine voices will sound as sweet to the ear of the man who loves dogs as the music of the babbling brook to the angler on the first day of April.

According to latest advices from Los Angeles the Southern country sportsmen will have a splendid representation of fine dogs at the show and it goes without saying that the "Southerners" will command considerable attention.

Enteries are pouring in from all directions and the outlook for a good opening is promising.

Judge Raper has given very excellent satisfaction at Los Angeles, and the sportsmen of this city are satisfied that his awards here will meet with popular favor.

The Turf, Field and Farm says: J. H. Baumgardner began an action some time ago and got judgment against the Toledo Electric Street Railway Company for the killing of an English setter. The railroad company entered a demurrer, alleging that dogs were not property, which was argued and was not sustained, consequently the judgment for $200 will probably be paid.

The quality and condition of St. Bernards that have been entered for the exhibition this year will be much superior to anything heretofore seen in this city. In reference to this noble breed of dogs a correspondent of an Eastern journal gives the following views on the late system of breeding for weight and size:

"Certainly it seems an impossibility for the present heavy, cumbersome type of St. Bernard to walk a mile. As an old breeder, I often ask where we are going to stop. Memory recalls the once world-renowned Thor, a dog standing 33 inches, and weighing at his best but 150 pounds. Had once a son of this dog named Tell, as straight as an arrow, graceful as a fawn, and as agile as the wildest collie. He was a well-known prize dog at the time, and nearly as large as his sire. He traveled on an average thirty miles every day of his doggy life. One day he accompanied us in a walking tour over the wildest and most rugged grounds of the Pembroke range. That day we had ourselves walked over thirty miles. I should not like to say how many more Tell had covered, dipping himself in every reservoir that gleamed on his sight in the moorland hollows. As we were nearing the end of our journey he caught sight of a hare. With the speed and the keenness of a harrier he gave chase. The pace would have delighted an old hunter. Over heath and black peat, in and out among beetling crags, and down rugged gorges the pair ran, until at last Tell caught pussy and brought her to my feet. Early next morning he was just as fresh and fresh as usual.

"I had also a dog at Manchester show last week that got H C. He only stands 34 inches high, and weighs 160 pounds, but I would match him with any terrier or spaniel for activity, quickness of motion and active limbs. He can take the water like a duck, or jump, leap and bound like a greyhound. I was astonished that he got H C, for beauty, soundness of limb, and gracefulness have to give place to head properties. I am not writing this in the "sour-grapes" spirit, but I certainly think that we have sacrificed character, healthy and doggy companionship to breed animals that are a burden to themselves. It is a joke to think of their original use, for many have the greatest difficulty to use their ugly diseased limbs. I think that 33 inches is a sufficiently high standard, those days, for if my dog Tell was alive I could only look upon him as a mere cur in comparison to some of the well-bred specimens of to-day. Still, in our rage for bulldog heads, we are losing the benign expression of the true St. Bernard; and where are we going to stop in size?"

THE GUN.

Bagging Curlews Along the Bay Shores.

Although the season for the shooting of small game has been under lock and key, so to speak, for some time, yet there are a number of hunters who, for some weeks past, have been enjoying good sport shooting curlews along the shores of the bay.

On the Alameda marshes the crack of the breech-loader is heard quite frequently, and particularly on Sundays, when a small army of gunners line along the beach watching an opportunity to blaze away at the long-billed foreigners as they fly overhead.

The Sausalito shore is also a favorite place for some hunters who ensconce themselves behind the heaps of drift wood within close range of the mud flats, where the birds feed at low tide.

In answer to several queries sportsmen of forgetful minds should stick the following, concerning the game law, in their hats for future reference:

Section 626 of the game law reads that every person who, in the State of California, shall, within the two years next, except from September 1 to October 15 in each year, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any male deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep or buck shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Female deer are protected at all months of the year, as are also spotted fawns.

H. D. McGuire, the newly appointed State fish and game warden of Oregon, has already started in to make things interesting in the way of teaching some people that the game laws must be observed. He has brought suit against a Portland cold-storage establishment for possession of frozen salmon in the close season, during which period the law prohibits having in possession. There is no ambiguity in the terms of the statute, but the cold-storage people, who received the fish in open season and were simply holding it in cold storage for its owners, contend that the prohibition was never intended to apply to lawfully caught salmon preserved by freezing any more than to fish preserved by canning or smoking.

This contention has been made by dealers in game and fish many times before, but it has been overthrown in court. The Phelps-Racey case in New York State is a familiar precedent. In this case a dealer of that city was prosecuted for having quail in possession in the close season. He got up for his defense that the birds had been killed lawfully and were preserved by cold storage. The defense would not hold; and he paid his fine.

Prohibition of the sale of game and fish in close season is recognized by all practical and experienced individuals and societies engaged in game protection as an absolute essential. Without shutting down the market sale of game and fish in close season the laws would be in large measure farcical.

COURSING.

The Price Fullerton Brought When a Youngster.

The San Jose sporting men will attend the coursing meeting at Ocean View to-day in large numbers. A splendid programme of races has been arranged for the occasion, and as there is a spirited rivalry existing between the owners of the dogs that will represent this city and San Jose the excitement attached to each course will be great indeed. Considerable betting has been done during the week, but as is generally the case the larger amount of money will change hands on the grounds. The San Jose dogs are in fine fettle, and it will be a great disappointment to the boys of the Garden City if their dogs fail to win a majority of the events they will race for.

An enthusiast is desirous of knowing the price paid by Colonel North for his famous greyhound Fullerton. The latter was purchased by the colonel as a puppy from a Mr. Dent for 850 guineas, the largest sum ever given for a young and untried greyhound.

J. Herbert Watson, a well-known Eastern coursing man, lost his handsome dog Aladdin recently by poison. Aladdin ran at Gravesend Bend meeting last October.

During the Haydock Park (England) meeting a consignment of thirteen saplings from Tom Graham's kennel was sold and realized a total of 682 guineas. Of this amount four youngsters by Restorer - Harpstring made almost two-thirds, they bringing 75, 95, 100 and 135 guineas respectively, or an average of over $500 apiece. This must be an excellent litter.

Another old-time English courser has gone over to the great majority. John Lister of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, died on March 18 at the age of 73 years. For many years he bred and ran greyhounds in the north of England, though of late but little had been seen of him in the coursing field, as his health had been very poor for the last few years.

Handball.

The Olympic Club tournament may possibly be concluded to-day. The games are attracting a good deal of interest, and the finals will be worth seeing, as the best players will show up at the finish.

Jones, the champion handball-player of Australia, will leave this city in a few weeks for New York, where he expects to meet Lawlor, the champion of Ireland, and other famous balltossers. Jones will give a final exhibition to-day at Ryan's court on Howard street.

A STRIKE BY A TARPON.

Fishing That Is a Supreme Test of the Angler's Art.

Florida Corr. New York Times.

I do not know any subject that as much information can be gathered upon in the tarpon country as tarpon-fishing, and I learned enough of the business theoretically while steaming up the Caloosahatchee River to give some idea of it. It must be understood at the start that the tarpon to be caught may weigh from 100 to 200 pounds, perhaps even 225 pounds, and that he will fight as long as there is any breath left in his body. With half a chance such a fish will readily snap any available line, and the fisherman's business is to manipulate the line in such a way that the fish cannot exert his strength upon it. The line is a very small one for such work, no larger than boys use for taking catfish, and may readily be broken by a man with a sudden jerk. The hook is about three inches long, wired to a swivel, so that no matter how often the fish revolves he cannot twist the line. Immediately above the swivel is a section of line about a foot long made of such soft cotton stuff that the tarpon cannot bite through it. He would bite the line short off, or would even bite wire, but he cannot cut the soft cotton stuff. Any ordinary rod with a good reel will answer, and several hundred yards of line must be wound upon the reel. Bait is the half of a mullet securely wired to the hook in such a way that the hook is entirely concealed. The tarpon does not nibble, but takes the whole thing at a gulp if he takes it at all.

With this outfit and a bottle of snake-bite antidote in the locker the tarpon-fisher is ready for work. It is well for him to begin on Monday morning, to have the whole week before him. On Monday he hardly more than gets his hand in. If by Tuesday night he has had a strike his fellow-fishermen in the hotel treat him with great respect. There is no such diversion as this tarpon-fishing—it is always a "strike." By Wednesday he is sufficiently tanned to have a professional look. If he is an extremely lucky man, and works hard, not less than ten hours a day, he may take a tarpon on Thursday. There is nothing tedious about this—so they say; all is diversion and fancy. Just what happens at the start no fisherman can tell. Ten minutes after the pole has nearly been jerked from his hand, and the skin of two or three of his fingers cut through by line and reel, he begins to realize that he has hooked a tarpon and that his line is running out like mad. The pride of a new President taking the oath of office is nothing to the feelings of the supreme moment; the interest of the whole world is centered in that line and reel.

The tarpon has swallowed the bait entire and his first movement imbeds the hook in his throat, where it is firmly fixed. The little danger of the hook tearing out when once well planted—the danger is that the line will break. Give the tarpon one second of a line too slack or too taut and he will snap it like a pipestem. Here is the chance for skillful work—and none but the most skillful angling will take a tarpon. The secret is to keep the line gently tight; no matter what course the fish takes the line must be kept just so. The tarpon leaps some feet into the air and he must have line. He strikes the water again and runs and the line must run freely with him. He turns toward the boat, and the line must be reeled up as fast as he slacks it. Give him a chance to make a kink in the line and you lose your tarpon. When he turns suddenly and makes off again the spring of the pole gives the line some help, but the reel must be free. He jumps and tears and jerks and twists for hours. A hundred times the line is out almost to the last yard; a hundred times it is reeled up again. Fifty times the fish throws himself from the water, and fifty times he strikes it again with a thud. He is as full of fight as a mad bull; nothing but utter exhaustion will conquer him. Very gradually his resistance becomes feebler; very gradually the line is reeled up, bringing the fish each time a little nearer to the boat. When he is brought within reach there is no doubt of the result, for that cannot be done until he is utterly tired out. When he reaches the side of the boat he is practically a dead fish—killed, not by the hook, but by his own desperate exertions. Naw strike the gaffs into him and haul him on board. Let the bands play. Six baskets of wine on ice, landlord! Two hundred and ten pounds, fishermen's weight! Bring arnica and myrrh and precious ointments to heal the wounded fingers.

Innocence of the Eye.

New York Sun.

Painters cultivate what is called the "innocence of the eye," trying to see nature simply as forms and color, as a child sees it, without reference to what reason and experience may teach them. No two of them see exactly the same way. One painter in New York says that he is astonished to find how gray everything is—even sky and foliage. Another finds the streets full of reds and purples. A younger artist says: "When I began to paint everything seemed to me dark. The longer I look the more light I find in it. My great trouble now is to get my pictures as light as nature seems to my eye. I find more yellow in the lands ape than I used to. But, after all, these things are subjective, and a man paints what is inside of his head, not what he sees outside of it."

At the equator the average annual rainfall is 100 inches.

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HE WAS HUNGRY.

Where a Panther Went to Obtain a Meal.

A FIGHT IN A FREIGHTCAR.

The Thrilling Adventure of a Railroad Laborer on the Southern Pacific.

Written for THE MORNING CALL.

Early one morning just after the storm last month a northbound freight train pulled into Goshen. It was running on "wild time" on account of the washout near Bakersfield, and not many people were standing around the station. But those who were saw a strange sight.

The train had no sooner stopped than a man jumped from a car and ran rapidly toward the station, and an instant later a lithe-looking animal of some kind jumped out after him and started in pursuit.

Dawn was just breaking, but all the bystanders could see that it was some ferocious beast that intended to make a meal of the man. Some ran into the station, but others ran to the man's assistance, and by throwing a few heavy objects and firing a couple of shots at it made the animal change its mind about having breakfast.

It growled a few times, and then seeing it would have no show in the fight ran into a small tule marsh near the track. It came out on the other side, and when last seen was running along the track of the branch over the stuff in the car, the man howling and cursing and the beast growling with fury and pain from the several wounds Humphrey had managed to inflict.

The panther really had the worst of it, but Mat was growing weaker and weaker every moment, and still the train showed no signs of stopping. As things were if it would stop even for a moment he could jump off and call for assistance.

As the fight progressed the beast became more and more enraged, and was becoming almost frenzied in its onslaught. As light came Humphrey did better work, and a few of his thrusts went near where he wanted them. The beast showed signs of weakness in one attack, and that was Humphrey's salvation, because he was ready to drop from exhaustion.

As the beast came forward slowly he thrust for its head, but as it did not come as fast as he calculated the fork went in front of its nose a few inches and passed down and through the middle of its right fore leg. The beast pulled back, but Humphrey kept his fork straight, so it could not get off, and by a great effort made a downward thrust and drove the prongs tightly into the floor.

The panther was now a captive and Humphrey had a chance to breathe and get a little rest, although he had to keep a tight hold on the upper part of the handle or the panther would have pulled loose. Still he knew he was about safe, because as soon as the train stopped he would have plenty of time to get off and reach a secure spot.

The panther howled, and snarled, and snapped with rage, but could not get near Humphrey to do him any harm. It seemed as if he was there for ages, but it must have been only a short time, as it was not much more than daylight when the train eventually stopped at Goshen.

Humphrey did not know where he was, but as he was close to the door, made a jump the instant the wheels stopped revolving. He was very weak and almost fell to the ground, but in a moment had seen the station lights and started for them. The beast got away much easier than he expected, and but for the assistance that was at hand would have made an end of him.

As it was, he is now as well as ever, he says he will never take another ride alon

"THE BEAST PULLED BACK, BUT HUMPHREY KEPT THE FORK FAST."

road toward Hanford. No one went in pursuit.

The man, exhausted and trembling, was helped to the nearest saloon, where a good big glass of whisky soon put him in fair condition. He had several ugly scratches on his arms and a few on his face, but he was not seriously hurt in any way. Still he wanted everybody to know that he came pretty near it, and all who saw his narrow escape from the beast did not doubt a word he said.

According to his story his name was Mat Humphrey, and he was a laborer on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and worked on the Bakersfield section. During the storms he had been kept up a good deal at night, making repairs. On the night of his adventure the work was all done, but the boss would not allow him to go home until the southbound passenger train arrived. It was late several hours, and things were wet and damp, even around the fire the old man had built.

Humphrey was very sleepy, so he crawled into a car of a freight train that was waiting for the passenger train to pass, so it could proceed northward. He knew he would hear the train go by and wake up so as to be on hand if he was wanted. He tried to close the door of the door, but could not do so, as the many rains had swollen the boards so as to not budge. It did not make much difference anyhow, as the inside of the car was perfectly dry, and that was what he wanted.

The car was loaded with all sorts of stuffs, including some machinery, but Mat found a warm corner and was soon asleep. The passenger train came along without his hearing it, because when he awoke the freight train was in motion and running as if it was making up for lost time.

Mat went to the door and looked out, but could not see anything to let him know where he was. A dense fog had fallen, and that, combined with the darkness, made the outside world a perfect blank. He saw no way of getting off, so he sat down in a corner to wait until the train came to a station, so he could find out where he was and fix things to get back to his work.

The freight train flew at passenger-train speed and twice went by a couple of lights without stopping. At last there was a slacking up and soon the train came to a halt, and Mat jumped off. He looked around, but saw no sign of a house or light of any kind. He thought he would go ask the engineer where he was and started toward the forward end of the train, but had not gone more than half the distance before the cars commenced to bump together and a rattle went from one end of the train to the other. As Mat was a railroad man he knew the train must have stopped at some sure culvert and the engineer, after assuring himself that it was safe, had started again. He also knew that it would not do to be left out on the plain in the fog on such a night, so he had barely time to get back into the car before the train was again running.

But this time he was not to travel alone. He had just about got comfortably settled when something jumped in the door and commenced to growl. Just what sort of an animal it was he could not tell, but thought it was a panther. It had evidently got scent of him when he was on the outside, and followed him in to eat him at his leisure.

Mat was unarmed except for a single pocket-knife that would have been about as effective as a pin on the animal's hide. It was some time before the creature had him located, and even then it seemed a little scarey about making an attack.

This gave Mat's brain a chance to work, and he began feeling around for something with which to defend himself. He got hold of all sorts of things, all of which were so tightly fastened together that he could not get one of them loose. The corner in which he sat was slightly protected on one side by some sort of agricultural implement. He felt the iron wheel, and at first thought it was a mower, but careful investigation proved it to be a hay rake. He passed his hand over the long, curved rods and wondered if he couldn't get one of them out, as it would make a good weapon. He commenced to twist it to different sides, and it really seemed as if he was to succeed in his efforts.

While he was engaged in the work the train stopped at a station, which he knew was Tulare by the number of people he heard outside. He hoped some of them would come down toward his car, and assist him to get rid of his enemy. He couldn't pass the beast, which was lying near the door growling ominously, as if waiting for a chance to make an attack, so to occupy his mind he kept up his work of trying to loosen one of the long tines of the hay rake.

While engaged in his work the animal would growl and then he would do the same. This is what Mat says saved his life, for it seemed to make the animal undecided about making the attack and had he been attacked at this time he would have been helpless. Several times the animal got up, but when it heard his growl walked around the middle of the car, where there was no freight, in a wild way, but always changed its mind about the attack.

While twisting at the rake tooth he got his arm inside and his hand struck a bundle of round sticks that seemed like broom handles. At last he had something that he could strike a blow with at least. He pulled the bundle out and found that instead of brooms he had found six pitchforks tied together with string.

He cut the string with his knife, and when done had the three-pronged implement in his hand he felt as if he could at least make some kind of a fight. He got a great deal of courage all at once and stood up in his corner and looked at the animal.

By this time there was a little light, and the panther, if that is what it was, made a spring at him as soon as it was assured there was only a man to fight.

Mat was not expecting it and did not have his pitchfork pointed right. The result was that it struck the handle sideways and glanced off, but managed to put a few scratches on his face.

This made the man mad, and he was just about as ready for the fight as the panther was. He couldn't see very well, and his lunges with the fork always managed to just miss the mark. But it was growing lighter and lighter all the time, and the chances of the fight were first on one side and then on the other.

Sometimes the panther pursued and sometimes it was dodging the man. They ran in a freightcar as long as he remains in the West where there are any wild beasts.

WILL SPARKS.

CAUGHT BY A KODAK.

Captain Wiltse of the Navy Outwitted by a Newspaper Correspondent.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

There was a time not long ago when the getting of a photograph of Captain Wiltse, of the United States steamer Boston, was a very difficult not to say impossible thing—that is, when the photograph was intended for publication. But that time has passed, and this is the reason why. Wiltse, as everybody who has read of the recent political troubles in Hawaii knows, commanded the blue jackets who went ashore to back up Minister Stevens. Well, before that epoch in the island's history, Wiltse was accustomed to tell how easy it would be for him to seize the islands backed up as he was by 50,000 of his people.

An American newspaper correspondent, who believes that such talk better suited to British and German naval officers than to Americans, determined to send a sketch of him to his paper. But Wiltse refused to give him a photograph. The next afternoon, while Wiltse, stripped to a pair of red, white and blue tights, was enjoying his bath in the surf, he heard a click. Looking around he saw a boy with a box under his arm. He approached the youth, who held the box in front of him, and Wiltse heard another click.

"What have you got there?" he asked, coming to a halt.

"Kodak," the boy replied, and another click was heard.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Take pictures of you," the boy replied, at the same time clicking the instrument on a side view of the officer.

"What for?" queried the officer.

"For an American newspaper correspondent," the boy replied.

"Hey," cried the captain, "give that thing to me."

And at the same time he walked toward the boy. The boy shook his head and backed off, increasing his pace to keep out of the captain's reach, at the same time keeping up a fusillade of clicking until the captain, at last tired out with running about the beach, went to his bathhouse and the boy retired. That evening he called on the correspondent and asked him what he intended to do with the pictures the boy had taken of him.

"Oh, did he get some pictures?" the correspondent replied.

"Did he?" the captain replied; "well, rather."

"Good enough," said the correspondent. "You can't rely on those fellows, you know."

"Well, what are you going to do with them?"

"Oh, make half-page pictures for my paper."

"What!" the captain exclaimed. "Put me in the paper with my bathing suit on."

"Yes."

"Do you think that fair?"

"I must have a photograph of you."

"But I will go right down and have some photographs taken and give you one."

"Go ahead," the correspondent replied. "I will then give you the kodaks."

The deal was made, and since then Captain Wiltse has ever been ready to furnish newspapers with photographs of himself for the asking.

SMART ARABS.

A Traveler Tells of Some of the Swimming Tricks They Play.

Chicago News.

"The most expert swimmers I ever saw in my life are the Arabians who dwell on the seacoast," said W. G. Motley at the Grace Hotel.

"When there are ships lying at anchor off the coast the native swim about the ships for hours with scarcely a moment's rest. They are as much at home in the water as we are on the land, and they have the agility of a fish. The passengers often amuse themselves by throwing copper or silver coins into the water for the swimmers to dive after, and their skill in capturing the money is simply marvelous.

"You may hurl the coin with all your strength as far from the ship as possible, but the Arab is after it like a flash. Darting through the water like an arrow, he has the money before it has sunk many feet into the water. He invariably gets the money, never missing a single attempt.

"Often the swimmers clamber on board the boat and endeavor to turn an honest penny by entertaining the passengers in one way or another. Some of them are prestidigitators of no mean ability, and often their sleight-of-hand performances are exceedingly clever. I remember one instance in particular in which an Arabian magician got the better of a young English passenger. The Arab swam out to the ship and came aboard.

"While he was endeavoring to perform a few tricks for those on deck, the fresh young Englishman had made himself very offensive by attempting to expose all the illusions and explain them to the audience.

"Finally the Arab asked for some one to loan him an English sovereign for a few moments. The native of Great Britain stepped nimbly forward and handed the magician the required gold piece. The Arab stretched out his left hand and placed the coin in the middle of his upturned palm in plain view of the spectators. He slowly closed his hand, without moving its position. In a second he opened it, and in place of a sovereign was a penny. The Englishman wanted to examine it. The Arab tossed it to him.

"While the young fellow was examining the penny the Arab made a dive for the side of the ship. He was over it in a second, then a splash in the sea and that was the last the fresh Englishman ever saw of the Arab or his sovereign."

A Substitute for Emery.

Carborundum, the material which it is proposed to substitute for emery for many purposes, is formed by passing an electric current through a mixture of coke and silica with a little common salt as a flux. The mass thus made is broken into small pieces, washed, dried and sorted. The material was first produced as a substitute for diamond dust in diamond-cutting, but its extreme hardness has led to many other applications, such as grinding brass and iron, and especially cutting and polishing glass and porcelain, for which it appears peculiarly adapted. While carborundum is thus very important commercially, it is also of interest from a scientific point of view, as the hardness is equal to that of the diamond, and in other qualities it closely resembles that precious stone.

A NEW FAD IN TEA.

Vanilla Is Being Used as a Flavor to the Beverage.

Chicago Herald.

Among the 2-cent toys which are just now being sold on the sidewalks along the leading streets is one of universal interest. It is a flexible stick, not unlike a piece of yellow whalebone, twisted into a kind of true lovers' knot. You light one end of it, and it smolders slowly away a scent of vanilla, not aggressively strong, floats through the air.

This is one of the good ideas of the street-hawkers, especially as vanilla is one of the perfumes which are popular almost with everybody. A few faddists have it that vanilla used as a flavoring is intoxicating, but those are only the people whom a piece of underdone steak makes tipsy and to whom green vegetables gives all kinds of complaints.

On some parts of the European Continent a small piece of vanilla is put into the teapot, together with the tea. The flavors are said to blend well, just as in Russia you take your tumbler of tea with a slice of lemon, instead of milk, and as in France and Germany you add a teaspoonful of arrack or rum in your thimbleful of after-dinner coffee.

But there is yet a daintier way of taking your vanilla flavor with your tea. And this ruffine manner is British and not Continental. When the tea or coffee service is being made, vanilla flavor is added to the china when it is in the potter's hands, and thus it is baked into every article of the set.

Whenever afterward the tea things get hot as they are being used, they exhale a faint aroma of vanilla, which, to the fastidious, may be preferable to the actual infusion into beverages of the piece of square stem or the vanilla aromatica.

The Restful Tour Idea.

Providence Journal.

The recent close of the first year of actual existence of the Woman's Rest-tour Association of Boston has demonstrated its right to be. At its initial annual meeting a membership of three hundred and fifty women was reported. The object of the association is to enable the woman of moderate means to travel intelligently, getting the most of rest, culture or information, as she may elect, out of a proposed journey. The yearly fee of $1 entitles the member to a carefully prepared schedule of expenses, including a list of reliable lodgings in England and the Continent and to various advisory and suggestive publications throughout the year. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the president, and the secretary is Miss Louise Imogen Guiney.

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—CHOLLAR MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors held on the 17th day of April, 1893, an assessment (No. 34) of 25 cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of May, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday, the 13th day of June, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the board of directors.

CHAS. E ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal. ap18 td

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—CONSOLIDATED Imperial Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Gold Hill, Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1893, an assessment (No. 35) of 3 cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary at the office of the company, room 57, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 26th day of April, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of May, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. STADTFELD JR., Secretary.

Office—Room 56, Nevada block. POSTPONED

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS the sale day has been postponed until FRIDAY, April 28, 1893.

J. STADTFELD JR., Secretary.

Office—Room 56, Nevada block. POSTPONED

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS the sale day has been postponed until FRIDAY, May 5, 1893.

J. STADTFELD JR., Secretary.

Office—Room 56, Nevada block. ap15 td

BULLION MINING COMPANY—LOCATION OF principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth (13th) day of April, 1893, an assessment (No. 41) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 22d day of April, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 7th day of June, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California. ap14 td.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—GOULD AND CURry Silver Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 10th day of April, 1893, an assessment (No. 71) of twenty-five cents (25c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, room 69, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of May, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 6th day of June, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—69 Nevada block, 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal. ap11 td

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

STEAMERS LEAVE A SPINWALL for Kingston for the West Indies and Chagres, Colon (Aspinwall), Carthagena, Santa Marta, Savanilla, Porto Bello, Panama, Corinto, Amapala, Champerico,